

Good Morning 646

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Six Months' Charm, P.O. William R. Harkness

WHEN Petty-Officer William Ronald Harkness sees this photograph, we are sure he will agree with us that it is one of the most charming studies our photographer has ever taken.

We do not need to tell you, Ron, that it is your wife, Dulcie, and baby John, although he was only a few weeks old when you went away.

Now look at him at six months! All smiles, and one of the happiest little chaps a mother could have for company. And no ill-effects left from his early bout with measles and bronchitis.

A teddy bear and a rag doll are his inseparable sleeping companions. He just cuddles them in, and is no trouble at all at night.

We found him asleep when we called at 37b, Stanley Road, Stamshaw, but he woke up as lively as a cricket, and was soon ready to dance a jig.

He likes anything musical, and as Mrs. Harkness seems to be something of an accordionist, we do not wonder at it.

Incidentally, we were pleased to meet your wife's father and mother, and to hear how well they had all stood up to the raids, even when a flying-bomb fell quite close to them last July.

Some people think the dock-yard men have a soft job—Mrs. Harkness's father is a boiler-maker in the Portsmouth yard—but their work was pretty tough going when the bombs were dropping around.

"Dad just went on working," Mrs. Harkness told us, "and he hardly thinks of anything else." But on the Saturday before our reporter called, he had had a break—he went to the Coliseum to enjoy an evening's entertainment for the first time for five years!

But to get back to baby—he is, after all, the chubby little hero of this story. Your wife tells us, Ron, that he is a rare handful and keeps her busy, but she'll still have plenty of time left for you when you come home again.



Home Town News

AT a buffet on Exeter Station they seem to have lost spoons before.

That must be why the one the customers use to stir their tea is kept on the end of a string attached to the counter!

DEPOSIT, PLEASE.

ONE Plymouth hotel has solved the "disappearing towel" difficulty by charging a deposit of 10s. on every one issued to clients.

Until they started this they couldn't keep a towel. Within a few months their whole stock had vanished.

The deposit system has now been extended to cover door keys, which have shown far less inclination to depart with the guests since they have been charged at 5s. a time.

MODERN ENGLISH.

BOMBS, gas masks, stirrup pumps and tin hats have been incorporated in the carving of a new altar dedicated by the Bishop of Plymouth in the crypt of blitzed St. Augustine's Church, Lipson Vale.

GONE AWAY.

A MAN running a cooked meat shop at Devonport had his assistants "directed" into war jobs, and complained to the Ministry of Labour that if he couldn't get any help he would have to close.

The Ministry were not impressed until one day customers found the shop

CANTERBURY men know Dunkirk and its old inn well enough. If you come from the city or the surrounding countryside you have probably passed it many a time, and maybe have stopped to have a pint. But it was new to me; I came to it for the first time, just as, that day, I came the first time to Canterbury.

I did not linger in the Stronghold of the Kentish Men (as its name denotes) on that occasion. It was important to reach Dover as quickly as possible. So that I had but glimpses of old buildings, so picturesque that they seemed to be part of some historical novel, and of new ones which seemed only just to have been completed. We were soon through its narrow streets and out on to the Dover Road.

I promised myself to return. And when, recently, I made my pilgrimage, I soon realised how well worth while the keeping of that vow was to be.

There is nothing in the whole of England like Canterbury—not even York. You cannot be in the city even for a short time without becoming saturated with the noble serenity that lingers there.

True, there are busy shops in St. Peter's Street and High Street, and purposeful traffic plying past them. As a market for much of the produce of the Kentish countryside, Canterbury is a live and thriving place. And it has its industries, happily tucked away.

But from first to last it is a cathedral city, and the spirit of the massive Cathedral dominates its being just as the building itself dominates the charming squares, the winding streets and business quarters of the city.

However much they wan-

with the blinds drawn and a notice outside "CLOSED OWING TO SHORTAGE OF STAFF."

That did the trick. Within a few days the proprietor was told he could have a couple of

der, the twisting lanes behind High Street and St. George's Street lead you to new glimpses of the Cathedral or to the gateways that open on to the gardens where it stands.

I walked down Burgate Street to the city wall, part of which still remains, solid and defiant, from mediaeval times, and along Bridge Street, crossing Watling Street and the old Dover Road, into Castle Street and back to the city's centre.

The German bombers wreaked their spite on Canterbury, and much that was good has gone. But Canterbury has seen that kind of thing before. The Danes plundered, burned, raped and slew, as was their custom, when they captured it after twenty days' hardy siege in the eleventh century. They destroyed the Cathedral, too—a thing the modern Barbarian did not accomplish. The great edifice bears the marks of savagery, but they will be healed.

I was impressed when, talking to the Dean, Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the day after the worst raid, when an enormous bomb, intended to destroy the Cathedral, had failed to find its mark, to hear him say, "It is better that the whole Cathedral should have been razed to the ground than that one human being should have been killed."

An obvious remark, perhaps, yet striking, coming from one who loves the grand old pile as well as anyone alive.

But from all the blows of Fate, including its use as a stable and armoury by the troopers of Cromwell's army, the Cathedral and the city have recovered and gone on to present a lovely city in the heart of the garden of England.

Canterbury is full of ancient things. Outside Dane John, the 80ft. hillock to the south, itself an old strong-point, a quarter-mile stretch of the moat which was part of the city's defences in the old days, remains.

True, the Castle itself has fallen on bad days. Its keep

was reduced in dignity from a fort to a royal residence, to a prison, a ruin, a pumping station and a coal store, until it was somewhat raised in status to that of a museum. Such it is still.

One of the city's finest treasures, the West Gate, dating from the 14th century, had a narrow escape from destruction because of a circus. In 1850, when the famous Wombwell's Circus visited Canterbury, it was found that the gateway was too small for the elephants to pass through. Wombwell demanded that it be taken down so that his procession might pass through in all its glory.

And, strangely enough, a request which in these days would, if indeed it could be made, would be treated with

coaching road which is still the chief way from London to Dover.

When pilgrims of earlier centuries flocked to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, slain at the Cathedral altar by the King's men, they carried away with them brooches showing St. Thomas giving his blessing. They wore them in their hats or coats to show they had made the journey to the cathedral city and as good luck charms in their travels afterwards.

Not all the pilgrims, however, seem to have reached home safely. During excavations in the bed of the Thames, principally at London Bridge, large numbers were discovered. And they have been found much further afield—even as far as Continental places.

Canterbury is still the place of pilgrimage. Before the war more Americans had been to Canterbury than to any other place in England, with the exception of Stratford-on-Avon.

It is remarkable that more English people do not make their modern pilgrimage to the city. In holiday time, of course, the chief place of Kent (any Maidstone men among the crew?) is thronged with those who delight in the ancient, the picturesque, the quaint and the charming, but if Canterbury had its due, its hotels and hostels would be crowded from spring to autumn, its streets choked up with motor-cars and cycles, its railway stations choked, and its Cathedral filled.

Perhaps it is better for Canterbury, after all, that it should not win its full measure of deserved popularity.

It was with regret that I completed my pilgrimage. I hope to return very often, and I hope to get out into the surrounding countryside, where the hop-poles are part of the landscape, and where the corn waves in the wind.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

CANTERBURY



There is nothing in the whole of England like Canterbury—not even York, D. N. K. BAGNALL says after a visit to the Home Town. You cannot be in the city for a short time without becoming saturated with the noble serenity that lingers there. . . The spirit of the massive Cathedral dominates its being, just as the building itself dominates the charming squares, the winding streets and business quarters of the city.

WHENEVER I hear the name Dunkirk it brings to my mind not only that epic of the British Army on the French beaches, it also takes me back to the time of the Dieppe Raid, when, with only the bare fact that we had made a landing somewhere on the French coastline, I set off by car from London to go to Dover.

My companion and I stopped at a small wayside inn some four or five miles from Canterbury, to hear the one o'clock news. As we stood in the bar we got the first details of that thrilling exploit.

And when I asked the inn-keeper what place we were at, he replied—Dunkirk.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well! You said you wanted to look at some furs for your birthday, Winnie!"

the contempt it deserved, found many supporters among the city councillors.

When it came to voting on the matter, only the Mayor's casting vote saved the ancient gateway.

As a market town and place of pilgrimage through the centuries, Canterbury had numerous and good inns. Some of these remain, and there are others which, though more modern, carry on the tradition of pleasant hospitality. You find them, prosperous in the main streets, cosily thriving in the by-ways, nestling beneath the shadow of the Cathedral, and, of course, set to meet the traveller's needs on the old

GEORGIA'S RULING

Three Day Story By O. HENRY

If you should chance to visit the General Land Office, step into the draughtsmen's room and ask to be shown the map of Salado County. A leisurely German—possibly old Kampfer himself—will bring it to you. It will be four feet square, on heavy drawing-cloth. The lettering and the figures will be beautifully clear and distinct. The title will be in splendid, undecipherable German text, ornamented with classic Teutonic designs—very likely Cers or Pomona leaning against the initial letters with cornucopias venting grapes and wieners.

You must tell him that this is not the map you wish to see; that he will kindly bring you its official predecessor. He will then say, "Ach, so!" and bring out a map half the size of the first, dim, old, tattered and faded.

By looking carefully near its north-west corner you will presently come upon the worn contours of Chiquito River, and, maybe, if your eyes are good, discern the silent witness to this story.

The Commissioner of the Land Office was of the old style; his antique courtesy was too formal for his day. He dressed in fine black, and there was a suggestion of Roman drapery in his long coat-skirts.

"I'd like to do a whole lot for poor children who haven't homes and aren't loved and cared for as I am," the little sick Georgia told her father. "If I shouldn't get well, I'll leave them you—not give you, but just lend you." Little Georgia died, but her spirit remained to guide and direct the stern Commissioner of the Land Office in to doing her ruling. This is a tale for our times, for all time, of the mastery of good over evil.

as possible, forcing his mind to attack the complicated and important business of his office.

On the second day after his return he called the porter, pointed to a leather-covered chair that stood near his own, and ordered it removed to a lumber-room at the top of the building. In that chair Georgia would always sit when she came to the office for him of afternoons.

As time passed, the Commissioner seemed to grow more silent, solitary, and reserved. A new phase of mind developed in him.

He could not endure the presence of a child.

Often when a clattering youngster belonging to one of the clerks would come chattering into the big business-room adjoining his little apartment, the Commissioner would steal softly and close the door. He would always cross the street to avoid meeting the school-children when they came dancing along in happy groups upon the sidewalk, and his firm mouth would close into a mere line.

It was nearly three months after the rains had washed the last dead flower-petals from the mound above little Georgia when the "land-shark" firm of Hamlin and Avery filed papers upon what they considered the "fattest" vacancy of the year.

It should not be supposed that all who were termed "land-sharks" deserved the name. Many of them were reputable men of good business character. Some of them could walk into the most august councils of the state and say: "Gentlemen, we would like to have this, and that, and matters go thus." But, next to a three years' drought and the boll-worm, the Actual Settler hated the Land-shark.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. A verst is a silly rhyme, Swedish waistcoat, Russian measure, Greek weight, deep basin?
2. Which are more common—eclipses of the sun or the moon?
3. How do you pronounce the towns of Fernyhalgh and Greenhalgh?
4. What part of England is

known as "Thomas Hardy's Country"?

5. Who invented the modern chemical symbols (such as H₂O), and about when?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Rudolph, Ralph, Alphonso, Randolph, Adolphus, Ranulph.

Answers to Quiz in No. 645

1. Italian carriage.
2. Six.
3. Eem, Eep, Faf.
4. Essex.
5. Dr. William Beebe, 1934.
6. 84, one of whose digits (8) is exactly double the other (4).

PLAN FOR A CITY

A SPECIAL Planning Committee is now considering ambitious proposals by the Manchester City Architect, Mr. G. N. Hill, for the development of the city's amenities for culture and entertainment.

One is for the reconstruction of the Free Trade Hall, severely damaged in the air raids of 1940, and the other for the provision of what is to be termed a "Hall of Greatness" at All Saints, in which can be shown all the city has done to contribute to the world's art, commerce, education, etc.

The proposal for the Free Trade Hall is that the building should be reconstructed within its present shell so that it will be of service for at least fifteen years, or until more suitable buildings can be constructed.

Mr. Hill does not consider the present site suitable for permanent premises of the kind, but states that for the time being concerts, cinema shows, public meetings, etc., could be held there. Provision is made for these in the plans.

The building would accommodate 2,000 people and have a promenade lounge in the gallery for use by patrons during intervals. The screen for cinema shows could be lowered below the stage. The stage will be big enough for 120 members of the orchestra and a chorus of 300.

Proposals for the "Hall of Greatness" include the provision of a civic theatre, but it is felt that these cannot be proceeded with for at least five years after the end of the war, and even then only if the housing situation has come under control.

A civic centre, with a public hall, public library, etc., is also proposed for the Swinton and Pendlebury district of Manchester.

Gordon Rich

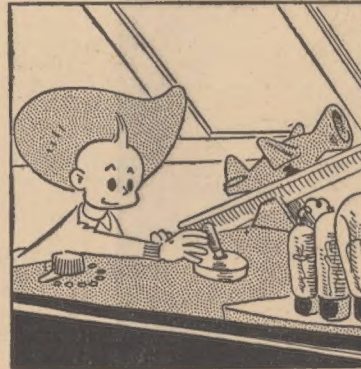
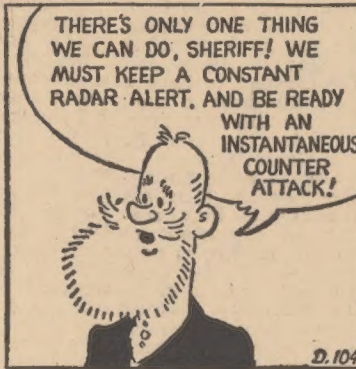
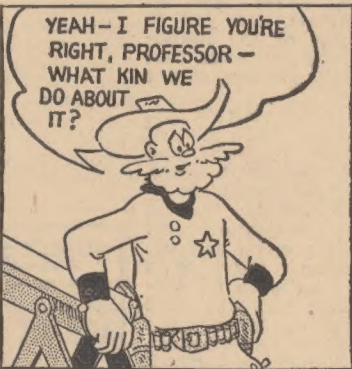
Alex Cracks

At a meeting of patriotic Dutchmen, a shout of "Heil Rembrandt" was frequently heard. The Gestapo, upon inquiring into the meaning of such demonstration, was informed: "We are paying tribute to our greatest painter, just as you do to your Fuehrer."

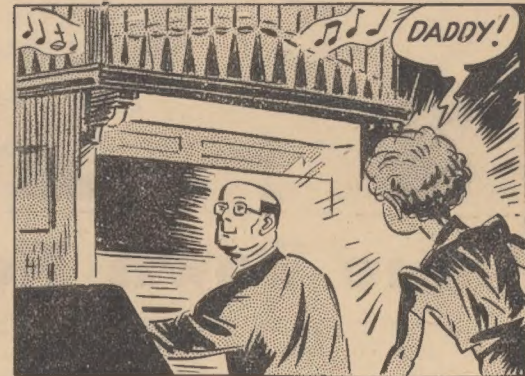
Clerk: "My wife has presented me with a little boy, sir."

Absent-minded Employer: "Boy? Well, if he is a smart lad, bring him here; we are badly in need of an office boy."

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 585

- 1. Behead a conveyance and get wet
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it?
Mendthoris fro kate dan yerve eth het lived femshil amn.
- 3. What girl's name has T for its exact middle?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order:
He always goes into the wood to —, and writes a —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 584

- 1. W-rites.
- 2. Every dog has his day; let sleeping dogs lie.
- 3. Olive.
- 4. Polo, pool.

JANE

GEORGIA'S RULING

(Continued from Page 2)

The land-shark haunted the Land Office, where all the land records were kept, and hunted "vacancies"—that is, tracts of unappropriated public domain, generally invisible upon the official maps, but actually existing "upon the ground." The law entitled anyone possessing certain state scrip to file by virtue of same upon any land not previously legally appropriated. Most of the scrip was now in the hands of the land-sharks. Thus, at the cost of a few hundred dollars, they often secured lands worth as many thousands. Naturally, the search for "vacancies" was lively.

But often—very often—the land they thus secured, though legally "unappropriated," would be occupied by happy and contented settlers, who had laboured for years to build up their homes, only to discover

that their titles were worthless, and to receive peremptory notice to quit.

Thus came about the bitter and not unjustifiable hatred felt by the toiling settlers toward the shrewd and seldom merciful speculators who so often turned them forth destitute and homeless from their fruitless labours. The history of the state teems with their antagonism. Mr. Land-shark seldom showed his face on "locations" from which he should have to eject the unfortunate victims of a monstrously tangled land system, but let his emissaries do the work.

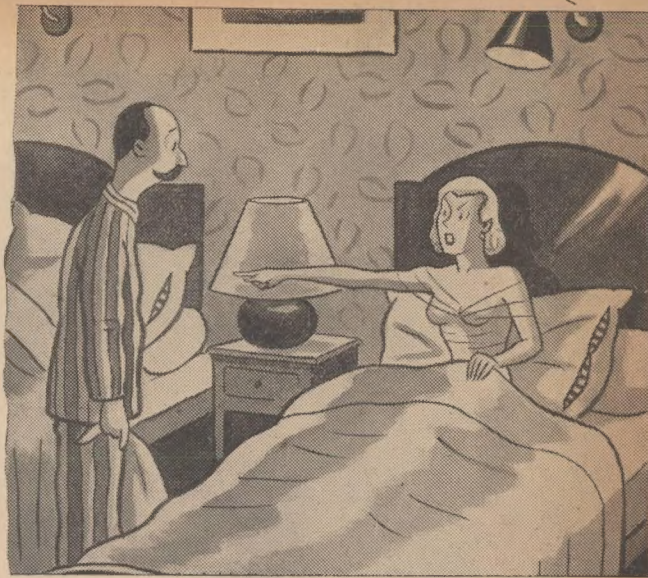
There was lead in every cabin, moulded into balls for him; many of his brothers had enriched the grass with their blood. The fault of it all lay far back.

It was in consequence of these conditions that Hamlin and Avery had filed upon a

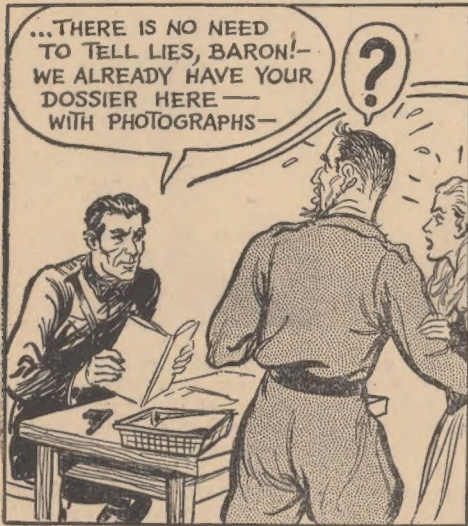
strip of land about a mile wide and three miles long, comprising about two thousand acres, it being the excess over complement of the Elias Denny three-league survey on Chiquito River, in one of the middle-western counties. This two-thousand-acre body of land was asserted by them to be vacant land, and improperly considered a part of the Denny survey.

They based this assertion and their claim upon the land upon the demonstrated facts that the beginning corner of the Denny survey was plainly identified; that its field notes called to run west 5,760 yards, and then called for Chiquito River; thence it ran south, with the meanders—and so on—and that the Chiquito River was fully a mile farther west from the point reached by course and distance.

(More to-morrow)



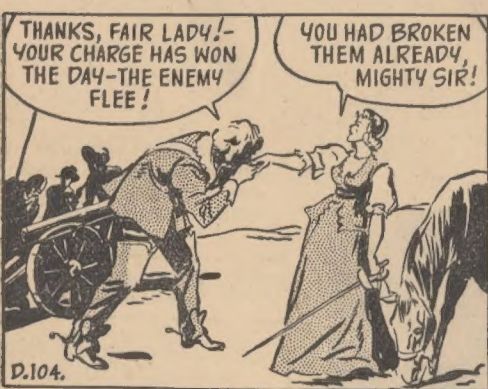
"If you're cold—shut the window!"



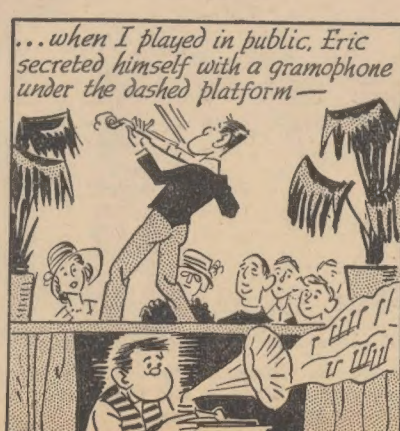
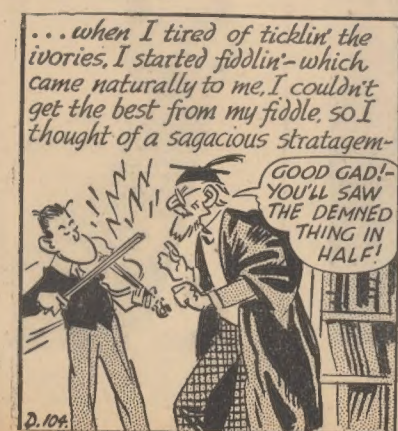
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Soccer Shorts

YOU remember Stan Matthews being signed on by Stoke City when he was a schoolboy? He worked then in the office at the club's ground, but when he was 17 he was signed professional—with an agreement that if he got around to the first team they would give him a benefit of £500.

Well, he did get along to the first team, but then Stan said he wanted £650—like the others. He nearly left Stoke because of that.

CHATting with a football club manager, the question cropped up about "Why do they have international matches, Army v R.A.F., and the rest—and yet never Royal Navy v So-and-So?"

Maybe it's the old excuse—they are not on land enough. What say you, boys? What about challenging the Army the next time you hit port? You see Royal Navy v. So-and-so at rugger. What's the difference?

TOM BENTLEY has had a letter from a football pal in the Army. This bloke had apparently seen a match in Alexandria between an Egyptian F.A. team and a Navy team.

The Navy boys got stuck into it right away—and the poor old ref. hadn't much say in the matter. Is that with being away from a football field for a long time at sea? And what about that for the Navy playing a good game—when they can. . .

CROSS-WORD CORNER

SELL	JESTER
AXIOM	LORNA
HIND	AFFECT
ATTEND	TEAS
RE	OOZE
G	
ALLOT	ENDED
E	REAR
R	O
JAVA	MOMENT
AGENCY	ADIT
MUNGO	BUGLE
BEDEWS	DEED

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11	12				
13							14	
			15			16		
17	18	19	20	21				
22		23	24					
25			26	27			28	
29		30	31					
32		33				34		
35	36					37		
38				39				

- CLUES ACROSS.—1 Foreign coin, 5 Dye from privet, 10 Lout, 11 Scented, 13 Not so good, 14 Manuscript, 15 Paid up, 16 Insect, 17 Tight, 20 Choirmen, 22 Metal, 24 Basic facts, 25 Vocalist, 27 Tropical tree, 29 Meshed fabric, 30 Dandy, 32 Dealing with, 33 Merriment, 35 Is discontented, 37 Place for animals, 38 Banter, 39 Bullock.
- CLUES DOWN.—1 Palm off, 2 Hastened, 3 Rich, 4 Bulb, 5 Boed, 6 Make mistakes, 7 Number, 8 Number, 9 Fools, 12 Congress, 16 Study plants, 18 New owner, 19 Stock phrase, 21 Pile, 23 Mark out, 25 Horse sound, 26 Part, 28 Town Chief, 31 Fencing thrust, 33 The man's, 34 Kick, 36 Parent,

Good Morning

No, it's not a mirage, nor yet a Lorelei luring simple sailormen to their doom. It's Loretta Young as she appeared on the morning after "A Night to Remember." As though we would ever forget!



"Now, whatever made you think I like ice-cream? Fact is, I can't abide the stuff. If you think you're making my mouth water, you're very much mistaken. The only thing I'm thinking about licking, is you."



"So that's what you're looking for, is it? Think you can fight, eh? Wait until I've finished this cornet, and we'll soon settle that. Fact is, I'd sooner lick you than the biggest Knickerbocker Glory in the whole of Lyons."



High-speed picture of a single raindrop — taken on one of those days when it rains cats and dogs.



"Coughs and sneezes spread diseases," we are told. Seems this Moorish dancing girl has gone a bundle on this particular line of Government propaganda.



Why the cameraman should make a point of getting this little Devon village stores into the centre of his picture, when there appears to be a very much more interesting subject in the right-hand corner, entirely defeats us. Just one of his fits of alcoholic remorse, we suppose.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"There goes life number eight."

